ing, accompanied by the women on tambourines and they by the men on violins and cornets. Their dances are picturesque in their native costumes with their hair either flowing or bound up, according to the particular dance. For those who may interpret their dances, there is a rich abundance of narrative in store for the reader. The harmony of tambourine, violin and cornet is not at all unpleasant when played by skilled musicians. The singing, however, is not harmonized, the performers using only one voice. Regardless of where these gypsies may live they earn their living in the same way, and being too lazy to cultivate even a small truck-garden, they lead easy, happy-go-lucky existences, and they have their huts free of rent, provided they work a few days out of the year for their ground landlord, Shevket Bey. Strange as it may seem, these wandering, anchorless people are about the only local blacksmiths found in this country, for the Albanians proper have a curious aversion to this occupation.

After leaving this quaint little town of Bradshesh, and penetrating into the heart of Albania towards Elbasan, large, beautiful

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PEAKS OF SHALA

A bridge of two logs, with railing of twisted branches, ran from bowlder to bowlder across this incredible river, and we stood on it, gazing at these colors and at a cliff that rose before us, striped rose and green and gray and white in long jagged lines, as though it had been painted, when we heard overhead an outburst of cries, like a hundred sea gulls shrieking in a storm. We looked higher, and there on the top of the cliff we saw a score of boys, naked except for bright loin cloths, engaged in acrobatics.

They made pyramids of their wet white bodies; four, three, two, one, they stood on one another's shoulders, and the four who upheld the pyramid ran swiftly along the edge of the cliff, passing and circling about a similar pyramid; from top to top of the pyramids the top youths swung, passing each other in the air, landing on other shoulders, balancing, taking flight again. The pyramids melted, as though dissolved in the rain, and formed again, while all along the edge of the precipice other boys made a freize of living bodies, turning cart wheels, somersaulting over one another, walking on their hands.

We stood paralyzed. What did it mean? Then there was an explosion of shots; the cliffs around us crackled like giant firecrackers, the air seemed to fall in fragments around us, and through the din came multiplied shouts. Four tall chiefs appeared on the cliff trail, gorgeous in black and white and red and blue and green and silver. We were being welcomed to Thethis,